

Marg. Maxwell

GRATULATIONES

JUVENTUTIS ACADEMIÆ DUBLINIENSIS

IN SERENISS.

REGIS ET REGINÆ

NUPTIAS.

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS,

IN

LATIN AND ENGLISH,

ON THE LATE

ROYAL NUPTIALS:

BY

Acad. Dublin

STUDENTS of the UNIVERSITY of DUBLIN.

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INTRODUCTION.

HAIL! fair IERNE, parent of the lyre,
Hail! nurse of hallow'd bards and gentle song!
E'er guilty war yet spread her banners dire,
And frighted from thy shore the tuneful throng;

Fair were the streams that lav'd thy peaceful glades,
Fair were the shades that trembled o'er the
stream,

Sweet were the lays that echoed thro' the shades,
And LAND OF SAINTS was then IERNE's name.

INTRODUCTION.

But war unsheath'd the sword, and purple gore
Stain'd the fair silver of the limpid wave,
Rude hands the venerable oaks uptore,
And doom'd the Bard to an untimely grave.

Lo! then IERNE droop'd a desart land,
Nor sow'd despairing hinds the doubtful grain,
Left others reap the labours of their hand,
And painful sweat bedew their brows in vain.

Nor, since that ruthless time, hath Druid sage
To woodland echo taught the mystic song,
Or where old LIFFEY rolls his rapid rage,
Or SHANNON pours his lordly tide along.

But now beneath our young AUGUSTUS' reign,
Reviving arts once more adorn our isle,

INTRODUCTION.

Fair husbandry redeems the ravag'd plain,
And golden CERES learns again to smile.

Now too the Muse's long neglected bay,
A tender plant! once more essays to rise;
Whose seed, not lost entire, long latent lay,
And fear'd the rigour of tempestuous skies.

Nor thou, oh! gracious KING, disdainful frown
On these first efforts, and this humble strain;
Reviving arts thy fost'ring favour own,
Let not the Muse be *mark'd* for thy disdain.

Oh! deign to smile; else whither shall the Muse
Her trembling hands in supplication bend?
Where hope for succour, if her GEORGE refuse?
Scorn'd by the hero, who remains her friend?

INTRODUCTION.

Perhaps some youth, whose yet untutor'd rhymes
Here dawn the promise of immortal song,
May blazon GEORGE's deeds to future times,
If but his smiles entice the Muse along.

May paint the tyrant trembling at his name,
Where'er his banners wave, or oceans roll ;
Or sing his fairer praise, his nobler fame,
And hail the Monarch of his people's soul.

But thou, whose infant Muse, on callow wing,
O'er-rashly dares these dazzling heights to soar,
Thou leave such themes for loftier bards to sing,
This danger past, attempt such flights no more.

Content to wander thro' the peaceful shade,
When twilight cloaths the drowsy world in grey,

INTRODUCTION.

(All, but where faintly, o'er the western glade,
Departing glows the golden rear of day)

Content at that sweet solitary hour,
Along the margin of the winding stream,
To woo the *rural Muses*'s gentle pow'r,
And sing thine humble loves, unknown to fame.

Or if, perhaps, thy loyal ardor scorn
To sleep, nor dares the hero's praise display;
CHARLOTTE thy softest numbers shall adorn,
And Royal Beauties grace th' ambitious lay.

WALTER HUSSEY.

INTRODUCTION

(All) But where faintly, or the welkin glows

Depositing flows the golden rays of day

Comments that first follow long

As the sun in the eastern beam

Is seen the sun's rays gentle now

And now the sun's rays are more

And now the sun's rays are more

And now the sun's rays are more

And now the sun's rays are more

And now the sun's rays are more

W. H. W.



I N

N U P T I A S

S E R E N I S S.

GEORGII ET CAROLOTTÆ

R E G I S E T R E G I N Æ.

EST locus, immanes ubi celsa BRITANNIA
coelo

Attollit scopulos : oras hinc alluit ingens

Oceanus, fluctuque albescunt littora cano ;

Inde patent sylvae : summâ hîc in rupe sedebat

Moesta Venus, dirum servans sub pectore vulnus.

B

Diffusi errabant humeris sine lege capilli,
 Nec lachrymis caruere genae, moerentia palmis
 Pectora percussit, fuditque has ore querelas :

Horrida num semper miscebunt proelia gentes ?
 Semper magnanimos accendet voce BRITANNOS
 Ipse suos Mavors ? menti ergò, perfide, imago
 Nulla manet Veneris, flammaeve favilla prioris ?
 Improbe ! sed major venis mox faeviet ignis !
 Regius ille heros, victrici tempora lauro
 Praecinctus, nostras jamjam venerabitur aras,
 Myrteaque imponet capiti, pro casside, ferta.
 Sume, puer, pharetram, lateri lethalis arundo
 Haereat, atque altè largum bibat acta cruorem :
 Otia sic validi carpent ingrata BRITANNI.
 Forsitan et Mavors iterum tunc subdere nostro
 Colla iugo, et veteri discat succumbere amorì.

Haec Venus : at Pallas (quae AUGUSTAE pref-
 det urbi,

Tramite quâ THAMESIS sinuoso volvitur) artes
 Persensit, risitque dolis dea casta repertis :

Et quae tanta animum, dixit, dementia cepit?
 Scilicet ille hastam juvenis, mea maxima cura,
 Deponet, galeamque tuis provolvat inanem
 (O prohibete nefas!) pedibus; cum accingier ense
 Jusset amor patriae, vivax et gloria gentis!
 Illius imbelli non corda Cupidinis arcu
 Et levibus non sunt, Cytheraea, domanda sagittis.
 Sed jam compositis mitescent saecula bellis
 Ferrea, jamque redibit amans Gradivus amanti :
 Sumit enim clypeum, fulgentiaque ALBION arma
 Induitur, toto ut fileant bella horrida mundo ;
 Meque viam monstrante, ecce, aëre lapsa quieto
 Advolat, et lauro pax nostram innectit olivam !

At tu, praeclaro regem dum munere donas,
 Et vestrum haud parvo nomen cumulabis honore :
 Libera nam durae quamvis non colla catenae

Subjiciet juvenis ; facris solennia templis
 Thura dabit, Venerem precibusque in vota vocabit
 Supplex. Nec tali conjux deest digna marito.
 Ecce, ubi concutitur faevis GERMANIA bellis,
 Et miseri direpta vident sua rura coloni ;
 Dilectae affiduos patriae miserata labores,
 Fortunaque vices, moesto illic carmine virgo
 Bellonae deflet rabiem, Martisque procellas :
 Namque illam Musae ; venturi praescius illam
 Ipse suo nascentem afflavit numine Phoebus.
 Hic, Cytheraea, artes exerce, haec molliter urat
 Castus amor, paribusque accendat pectora flammis !
 Aspice, ut, optatâ portum subeunte carinâ,
 ANGLIA, reginam niveis amplexa lacertis,
 Exultat ; lauro redimitaque tempora IÆRNE
 Attollit vocem, defueto et pectine pulsat
 Fila lyrae ; haud aliter, cum Sol surgebat ab undis,
 Æreus insonuit quondam testudine Memnon.

En, Britonum decus egregium, spes magna nepotum,
 Regia Sponsa venit : ripas denso agmine complet
 Turba effusa, ruunt pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
 Incanique patres ; vultum, lumenque juventae
 Purpureum, eximiaeque stupent miracula formae.
 Fervidus intereà Rex advolat ipse, trementem
 Excipit amplexu feliciaque oscula figit.

Hinc novus annorum se laetior explicat ordo,
 Hinc redeunt Musae, atque orbi dat jura volenti
 Albion armipotens, terrasque Aethraea revisit !

Sic longè evolvit fatorum arcana Minerva :
 Arrisit Venus, atque oculos perfusa nitentes
 Laetitiâ, insolito formae splendore refulsit :

Incipite, O magni, dixit, procedere, menses !
 Incipite, et toto surgat gens aurea mundo !
 Est tibi mens, Pallas, certe est, praefaga futuri.
 Consilia in melius referam, tecumque fovebo
 Heroâ Angligenam, terrâque marique potentem.

Haec ego, mentis inops, juvenilia carmina lusi ;
 Nam quô, Musa procax, quô peritura ruis ?
 Tune audes sermonem, infana, referre Deorum,
 Grandiaque incomptis attenuare modis !
 O tribuat fausti veniam indulgentia Phoebi,
 Et placidus coeptis annuat ille meis !

JOHANNES KEARNEY, Cand. Bacc.

A N

O D E.

I.

IN Pindus' sacred shade,
Where the brown wood its thickest shelter spread,
CLIO, sweet celestial maid,
Pensive and solitary stray'd :
The wreathed laurel flourish'd on her head :
Some mighty strain seem'd labouring in her mind ;
And on her arm the ready lyre reclin'd ;
When thus at length the tuneful Muse express'd
The secret dictates of her breast.
“ What sacred theme ?

- “ What great immortal name
 “ Shall CLIO sing
 “ Associate to the lyric string,
 “ And consecrate to deathless fame?
 “ Let Hymenèal rites, and nuptial joy,
 “ The Muse’s softest, sweetest strains employ :
 “ What theme more welcome to the Muse’s lyre,
 “ Than HYMEN’S Praise?
 “ For HYMEN first did gentle verse inspire,
 “ And from his torch first dropp’d th’ ethereal fire,
 “ With which our altars blaze.

II.

- “ Whilst yet untutor’d man
 “ No bond of holy wedlock knew,
 “ Savage from vale to vale he ran,
 “ Where flow’d the limpid rill, or acorn grew,

- “ And join’d at night with all the female race
 “ A wild promiscuous embrace.
 “ No poet’s tale
 “ Then chear’d the drowsy vale ;
 “ Nor rous’d sweet Echo from her cell,
 “ By silver lake, or mossy dell,
 “ Where she was custom’d to bewail.
 “ Then not a voice invok’d the Muse’s aid,
 “ From consecrated mount or awful shade ;
 “ Unheard the golden lyre we strung,
 “ And by our holy spring neglected sung ;
 “ Pindus alone was witness of the lay,
 “ And animated oaks did dull attention pay,

III.

- “ At length of gentler mind
 “ EURYDICE abhorr’d to view

D

- “ The wild disorders of her kind,
 “ And fled indignant from th’ unhallow’d crew :
 “ Alone she wander’d far from lawless men
 “ Along the desert hill, or deep sequester’d glen.
 “ But soon adown the secret glade,
 “ Through the thick wood, or by the winding
 “ rill,
 “ Or o’er the desert hill,
 “ ORPHEUS pursu’d the solitary maid ;
 “ (For Love discover’d where the wand’rer stray’d)
 “ And long he woo’d, and sweet persuasion hung
 “ On each soft accent falling from his tongue ;
 “ While he besought the flying fair
 “ To hear his honest vow, to heal his pious care.
 “ She stopp’d, she turn’d,
 “ And pleasure lighten’d in her eye ;
 “ (For secret love within her bosom burn’d,)
 “ And her fair cheek confess’d a crimson dye ;

[II]

“ What time she deign’d her partial heart to
“ own,
“ And yielded to be ever his, and his alone.

IV.

“ Thrice happy now,
“ Together oft they rang’d the grove,
“ Repeating oft their mutual vow,
“ And blessing solitude, the friend of love.
“ Extatic bliss within their bosom glow’d :
“ And POESIE from raptur’d fancy flow’d.
“ Nor verse delay’d
“ Her tributary aid ;
“ For Love that taught
“ Soft harmony of thought,
“ With equal harmony refin’d
“ The language that imparts the mind.

" Hence was the lay,
 " That won to hell his dreary way ;
 " That sooth'd to smiles the dismal gloom ;
 " That rous'd dead pity from her tomb,
 " Beneath the iron ribs of PLUTO's breast ;
 " And lull'd the triple guard of Erebus to rest,
 " Let then connubial rites and nuptial joy
 " The Muse's softest, sweetest strains employ :
 What theme more welcome to the Muse's lyre,
 Than HYMEN's Praise ?
 For HYMEN first did gentle verse inspire,
 And from his torch first dropt th' ethereal fire,
 With which our altars blaze,

V,

" But what immortal name
 " Shall CLIO sing

“ Associate to the lyric string,
 “ And consecrate to deathless fame?
 The Goddess paus’d, and from its sacred fold
 Th’ unperishable book of fame unroll’d;
 And there through ev’ry age,
 In each immortal page,
 Of heroes, mighty names, she read,
 Undaunted men, who bravely bled,
 And dar’d th’ ensanguin’d battle’s rage.
 But still where noble deeds the hero grac’d,
 Some impious act the man debas’d,
 That not in the long list of fame
 She hop’d to find one spotless name,
 In which were great and truly good combin’d,
 At once to dignify and bless mankind.

VI.

At length she cast her half-despairing eye,
 Where great of soul
 In the eternal roll
 Unnumber'd names, the British worthies lie :
 There golden characters proclaim'd the YOUTH,
 Who BRITAIN's happy sceptre sways,
 In all whose thoughts is heavenly truth,
 Virtue in all his ways ;
 Whose sword, the sword of the distressed,
 Beams ever on the injur'd side ;
 Who bold to vanquish, gentle to forgive,
 Delights to bid the conquer'd live ;
 But humbles low the plumed crest
 Of tyrant pride.

VII.

Quick she snatch'd the golden lyre,
 Her eye-balls flash'd with living fire ;
 Through all her frame a trembling ardor ran
 To sing the godlike hero and the blameless man :
 " And thou be he," she cry'd,
 " The great, the good, immortal name,
 " That CLIO consecrates to deathless fame :
 " Hail, happy Monarch of the boundless sea,
 " Which bears thy dreaded arms from shore to
 " shore ;
 " The fable sons of AFRIC own thy sway,
 " And INDIA's feather'd chiefs thy pow'r
 " adore.
 " A hundred thrones a hundred voices send,
 " Off'ring ambitious pray'rs to call thee friend.

" Hail happier Monarch ! thee thine equal mind,
 " Hath taught ambition's torrent to restrain ;
 " Thee hath ethereal mercy taught to reign
 " By willing suffrage, ruler of mankind :
 " Hail happy Monarch of the boundless sea !
 " Welcome, thrice welcome to the Muse's lay."

VIII.

Thus sang the sweet immortal maid,
 Sequester'd from the tuneful throng
 In Pindus' venerable shade,
 And strung the lyre associate to the song.
 And ev'ry sportive Echo round,
 Wanton'd with the silver sound.
 Lo ! now arrives th' auspicious day,
 When join'd in one immortal lay,

The Muse may celebrate to fame,
 Her darling Hero, and her fav'rite theme.
 Lo! HYMEN's rosy band
 Enchains in gentlest wreath our Monarch's plighted
 hand.

IX.

Fair the beauties that adorn
 The purple east at rising morn,
 What time she blushes to receive
 The radiant sun upspringing from the wave.
 More fair the modest grace,
 The crimson blushes that o'erspread
 The Royal Virgin's face
 With a celestial red,
 When at the altar, in the eye of heav'n,
 To BRITAIN's sov'reign Lord her plighted faith
 was giv'n.

X.

Hail, royal Maid!
And godlike Monarch hail!
Never shall your laurels fade
Till verse itself shall fail.
Dear to the Muse is nuptial love,
Dear to the Muse is GEORGE'S name,
Now each must dearer prove,
While both advance a wedded claim
To all the Muse can give, to everlasting fame.

WALTER HUSSEY, Fellow-Commoner.

CALM was the air, and through the silent
shade

Ev'n the soft zephyrs had forgot to play,

When Fancy led me through the wat'ry glade,
Where silver THAMES flow winds his chrystal
way

O'er TWICKNAM's ever-verdant plain ;

There I indulg'd the pensive strain :

When sudden, music soft and clear,

Gently assail'd my raptur'd ear ;

Now softly rose each swelling note,

Now the decaying sounds thro' æther trembling
float.

Soon from the stream's translucent bed

Divine * MUSÆUS rear'd his head ;

* POPE.

(He heard, he knew the Muses' hallow'd sound.)

Pale was the Bard's immortal brow ;

But green, as on its native bough,

His sacred head the blooming laurel bound.

‘ Ye Nine,’ he cry’d, ‘ whose strains seraphic
‘ charm,

‘ Whose notes inspire me, and whose raptures warm,

‘ Once more reviv’d ye sweep the silver lyre,

‘ Waken to bliss and kindle all your fire.

‘ Since cruel fate great GEORGE’S doom express’d,

‘ And the lov’d hero figh’d his soul to rest,

‘ Your silent lyres on these sad willows hung,

‘ While ev’ry grove with lamentations rung ;

‘ The shepherds wept ; the gently-waving shades

‘ Breath’d in soft sighs ; and all th’ echoing glades

‘ In mournful sympathy return’d the sound ;

‘ Earth to her center felt the piercing wound.

‘ Weep now no more ---- “ This truth be under-
 “ stood,
 “ That heav’n is wise, and what he wills is good :”
 ‘ Enough ye’ve mourn’d, now tell the smiling plain,
 ‘ Another GEORGE, a royal CHARLOTTE reign.
 ‘ Lo! at the found fair liberty appears,
 ‘ BRITANNIA’s queen, and leads the golden years;
 ‘ Celestial science pours her piercing rays,
 ‘ Clear as the sun in bright meridian blaze ;
 ‘ Divine ASTRÆA leaves her shades obscure,
 ‘ The stream of justice flows, ethereal, pure.
 ‘ New Muses now their heav’n-taught warbling
 ‘ sing,
 ‘ And swell with rapture ev’ry trembling string ;
 ‘ See where by THAMES’ immortal stream they
 ‘ rove !
 ‘ And hark ! their music dies along the grove. .

- ‘ Whilst silver THAMES in mazes soft shall flow,
- ‘ The Muses laurels on its banks shall grow ;
- ‘ Tho’ on thy brink majestic DENHAM strung
- ‘ His living lyre, and heav’nly COWLEY sung,
- ‘ Wreaths green as theirs for future brows shall
- ‘ bloom,
- ‘ And bards shall pluck the laurels yet to come.
- ‘ Adieu sweet plains ! adieu my once lov’d shade !
- ‘ Where my young fancy uncorrected play’d ;
- ‘ Where fiction pleas’d, where flow’d the infant
- ‘ strain,
- ‘ Trifling yet soft, and elegant tho’ vain :
- ‘ Adieu sweet bow’rs ! may heav’n still show’r
- ‘ around
- ‘ Unnumber’d blessings on your sacred ground ;
- ‘ Still may the Muses tell the smiling plain,
- ‘ Another GEORGE, a royal CHARLOTTE reign !’

He said, and sunk beneath his azure bed.

‘ Ah stay,’ I cry’d, ‘ divine MUSÆUS stay ;
 ‘ Once more uprear thy laurel-circled head ;
 ‘ And oh ! inspire me with one tuneful lay,
 ‘ To sing this young Augustan age !
 ‘ Oh warm the tender infant page !’

Alas ! regardless of my cries,
 Deep in his chrystal cave the bard immortal lies.

Enough for me that thro’ the awful gloom
 Of dim futurity my eyes pervade,
 See bards unborn in time’s prolific womb,
 See future MILTONS rising in the shade.

Blest bards ! upborn on founding wing,
 This reign auspicious ye shall sing ;

GEORGE and sweet LIBERTY shall shine
 Refulgent thro' the glowing line.
 But soft ---- The twilight's sober grey
 Now veils the jocund face of day ;
 The larks descend, and cease their airy strain ;
 Ceasing with them departs the shepherd swain.

JOHN CHETWOOD, C. B.

ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS

YE peaceful scenes, and academic groves,
Where WISDOM, led by CONTEMPLATION,
roves ;

Ye awful domes, by wise ELIZA rear'd,
For ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace rever'd ;
Whose walls diffuse a solemn gloom around,
While stillness sleeps along the hallow'd ground ;
Amidst your shades for ever let me stray,
And muse an unambitious life away ;
By love of TRUTH, to sacred knowledge, led,
Consult the volumes of the mighty dead.

H

Behold, in fancy, from their tombs arise
 The fons of fame, the virtuous, and the wise ;
 Sages and poets whom the world admir'd,
 And pious pastors by their God inspir'd ;
 With ev'ry various wreath their brows are dress'd,
 That ere the flow'ry paths of science grac'd.

Lo ! USHER leads the venerable line,
 IERNE's boast, a character divine ;
 Wifest of men ! elated he surveys
 The long procession, and enjoys their praise :
 These are my fons (he cries) the good, the free,
 The fons of virtue, and of liberty.

Here KING *, for godlike fortitude renown'd,
 Amidst the many faithless, faithful found ;
 Steadfast in right, his TRUTH to heav'n approv'd,
 By all the threats of tyranny unmov'd ;

* Archbishop of Dublin.

Wisdom to him her secret stores displays,
 And lo, he vindicates his Maker's ways * ;
 EVIL her bold appeal to heav'n resigns,
 While God in all the charms of goodness shines.

'Twas here that SWIFT first caught the heav'nly
 fire,

Whose works with nature can alone expire ;
 Here spent his youthful days ; his bosom fraught,
 With all that HORACE sung, or TULLY thought ;
 These peaceful groves the learned BERKELEY trod ;
 And LAWSON here, like Enoch, walk'd with God.

Ev'n here retir'd, these solemn scenes among,
 Thee, Goddess, I invoke, of heav'nly song ;
 Unskill'd, nor studious of heroic lays,
 But smit with love of honourable praise.

Mild rose the morn, the heav'n, the earth, and sea,
 Wore one extensive smile of cloudless day ;

* In his treatise on the original of Evil.

When lo ! illustrious on the sea-beat coast
 Was seen, the pow'r divine, fair ALBION's boast ;
 'Twas LIBERTY ! wide flow'd her azure vest,
 Expressive emblems brighten'd on her breast ;
 Not, as of old, the cap and wand she bore,
 As when great ROME obey'd her sov'reign pow'r ;
 But in her hand a radiant flag display'd,
 Where the red cross of BRITAIN shone pourtray'd,
 In glorious folds it floated o'er the sea,
 And at her feet the BRITISH lion lay.

There sat the pow'r, and from her rocky throne
 Survey'd the spacious ocean, all her own ;
 Far o'er the blue expanse she points her eye,
 Where the last billow swells into the sky,
 Where fleecy vapours round th' horizon roll'd,
 And the clouds glitter'd with ethereal gold ;
 As dropping from their bosom, to the fight
 Shot forth a sail with purple streamers bright ;

Swift as it comes, each wave the blaze returns,
Broad like the fun, along the furge it burns.

There beauteous CHARLOTTE sat, whose sov'reign
fway

The hundred oceans of the deep obey ;
Beauty and innocence around her glow'd,
Like EVE just blooming from the hands of God.

When spoke the GENIUS, as advanc'd the sail :

“ Hail, royal Virgin, Queen of BRITAIN, hail !

“ From these white rocks thy welcome I proclaim ;

“ Resound it MUSES ! and receive it FAME !

“ 'Twas here I stood, when o'er the foaming wave

“ I sent my voice, and call'd, the great, the brave,

“ The wise DELIV'RER*, from the BELGIC strand,

“ To guard, redress, exalt, BRITANNIA's land :

“ He came ; in ALBION's isle he fix'd my reign,

“ Whilst all the arts of FRANCE and ROME were

“ vain ;

* WILLIAM III.

“ And now I prize these consecrated shores,
 “ Beyond EUROTAS’ banks, or ROME’s imperial
 “ tow’rs.

“ From hence to distant climes my fleets I send,
 “ And o’er CANADIAN wilds my reign extend ;
 “ Swift at my call, in num’rous bands, rush forth
 “ The INDIAN tribes, fierce natives of the north ;
 “ Known for th’ invenom’d shaft, and fatal spear ;
 “ Their furious ranks I marshal for the war,
 “ While love of fame in savage bosoms burns,
 “ And haughty FRANCE her conquer’d kingdoms
 “ mourns.

“ As these proud rocks in dreadful grandeur rise,
 “ Lift their white heads, and tow’r amidst the skies
 “ While oceans foam against the broken shore,
 “ And gloomy winds and thunders vainly roar ;
 “ So shall this island, o’er the world renown’d,
 “ For ever stand, ambition’s fated bound ;

“ Nor civil storms the peaceful plains invade,
 “ But here, O war ! shall thy red waves be stay’d.
 “ Great like his THAMES, the darling of the main,
 “ The second GEORGE long held his righteous reign ;
 “ Beyond rich GANGES, or the seven mouth’d NILE,
 “ The river swells in fame, the glory of the isle ;
 “ From his full urn the copious torrent pours,
 “ The silver waters shine along the shores ;
 “ Thro’ BRITAIN’s happy fields superbly flows,
 “ Spreads by degrees, and more majestic grows ;
 “ Slow to the deep with all his floods he bends,
 “ And in th’ unbounded sea his progress ends ;
 “ When lo ! new currents, from his distant source,
 “ Supply his channel, and maintain their course.
 “ Thus GEORGE to GEORGE succeeds on ALBION’s
 “ throne,
 “ And the bright race of kings, in fair succession
 “ run.”

The Goddess spoke, the vessel gains the shore,
 The Princess lands, amidst the cannons roar;
 CONCORD and LOVE on either side were seen,
 And virgin MEEKNESS with her angel's mien,
 Fair CHASTITY, in snowy garments dress'd,
 And PIETY, that brighten'd all the rest;
 A thousand smiling CUPIDS round her flew,
 And at her feet unfading garlands threw;
 While joyful millions, in loud chorus, sing,
 Long live the beauteous BRIDE and ALBION's happy
 King.

THOMAS ARTHUR SOUTHWELL, F. C.

Trinity College, Dublin.

[48]

T H E

ROYAL NUPTIALS.

WHAT orient star in native beauty beams
From yonder luring clime, o'er which so
long

The blazing comet of wide-wasting war
Streams with terrific glory thro' the clouds?
Hither behold the radiant vision tends!
'Tis CHARLOTTE, royal maid, by virtue call'd
To crown the splendors of BRITANNIA's throne.
Before the future sov'reign of the seas,
Majestic, see, o'er EUROPE stalks at large
BRITAIN's stern Genius! at his lofty stride
GERMANIA trembles thro' her hundred states,

K

And at the terrors of his dread rebuke
 The storms of loud ambition into peace
 Subside. War leans in wonder on his spear,
 And hails a while the full unclouded blaze
 Of beauty ; as the heav'n-led virgin, rob'd
 In virtue's snowy innocence, extends
 Her genial progress, to diffuse around
 Unwonted lustre o'er the laughing year.
 Hark, the hoarse billows beat with fullen roar
 Against GERMANIA's hollow murm'ring beach,
 And long, too long, from ALBION's blissful shore
 Detain heav'n's promis'd boon. See, ALBION bends
 With arm extended from her chalky cliffs,
 Warm with maternal fondness, to embrace
 The freight of beauty. By impatience rous'd
 The mighty Genius of BRITANNIA grasps
 His massy trident, spurns the warring winds,
 And, frowning deeper darkness on the flood,

Indignant strides o'er mountains of the main,
 Dashing the deeps beneath his haughty tread ;
 And pointing awful ---- bids th' impetuous keel
 To plough triumphant thro' the foaming tides.
 Like new-born VENUS rising from the sea,
 Behold at length, by kindred angels led,
 The lovely stranger, blushing like the morn,
 Safe treasur'd in the blooming Monarch's arms !
 How the big passion beating in his breast,
 Glows, works, and swells thro' ev'ry throbbing
 vein !

He looks and wonders, looks and wonders still,
 How mild the trembling radiance of her eye,
 Bright as the star that gilds the crimson morn ;
 How o'er the polish'd neck her tresses flow,
 As sun-beams stream along a snowy cloud ;
 How harmoniz'd by nature's finer hand
 Her shape, by Love's own golden Cestus bound ;

What grace, what dignity in all her mien ;
 How sweet the silent victim in her fears
 Blushes consent, and all her angel form
 Breathes heav'n's ambrosial fragrance on the sense.

Nor less the Fair with rising rapture eyes
 The godlike YOUTH, delight of human kind ;
 As hoping, fearing, panting, thrill'd with awe
 The rosy-visag'd seraphim beholds
 His cloudless aspect, like th' all-cheering sun ;
 His heav'n-ennobled front, whereon display'd
 Sits tow'ring Liberty ; his royal breast
 The sanctuary of honour ; and his arm
 That wields the imperial trident of the deeps.

Bounds not mine heart at GEORGE's glorious
 name ?

Yes, BRITON, by august ELIZA's shade,
 Who shook th' IBERIAN tyrant on his throne,
 With filial transport thine IERNE hails

The father of his country, and her zeal
 Midst all the virtues crouding in thy train
 Attends thy footsteps to the spotless shrine
 Of nuptial joys. Behold the Patriot King,
 Subdu'd by CHARLOTTE's bridal charms alone,
 Receive the tender, trembling snowy hand ;
 (That snowy hand that beckons from the spheres
 Fair Harmony to tune the silver lyre)
 While cloath'd in awful sanctity of years
 The hallow'd seer calls down from heav'n's high
 throne

Each blifs connubial. At his potent voice,
 Th' angelic host, in flowing robes of light,
 With starry pinions, shield the Royal Pair.
 Or rang'd beneath the solemn-silent moon
 Sweep louder anthems from their trembling lyres.
 From the blue regions of unclouded day
 Religion bids her holy-mitred fires

Swell the loud Alleluia ---- How the years,
 Pregnant with golden æras, on my view
 Burst from the cloud of time ! Illustrious Pair,
 How bright, how full shall life's meridian blaze,
 When such the dawning glories of your sway ?
 For You fair Liberty leads on in dance
 The laughing pleasures in her jocund train ;
 For You shall Peace o'er blooming BRITAIN smile,
 And the triumphant sun from tow'rs of heav'n
 Shall annual hail great BRUNSWICK's nuptial day,

LEWIS KERR, B. A.

FORTE inter salices quae sacra fluenta coronant
SHANNONIS (quo non alius lucentior amnis
Influit in mare purpureum per pinguaⁱ culta)
In bello raptos maerebat HIBERNIA natos
Multa querens, subito attonitas cum fertur ad aures
Murmur aquarum ingens, ripae tremuere, profundum
Insonuitque nemus; tandem caput extulit unda
Forma verenda, amnis genius, qui vocibus ultro
Aggreditur divam laetis, solvitque dolores.

- ‘ Mitte graves curas tandem, dea, mitte querelas;
- ‘ Ite procul gemitus lacrymaeque; haud jam am-
 ‘ plius undae
- ‘ Protrudunt tabo lentos in coerula fluctus
- ‘ BOYNIACÆ; non jam clades tua viscera belli
- ‘ Civilis lacerant; ast undique barbara languet
- ‘ Seditio, tenues fugiens ceu fumus in auras.
- ‘ Jam superi (semper queis cura BRITANNIA) mittunt

- ‘ Divino sponfam juveni, victricibus armis
- ‘ Qui fulget, nomenque suum famamque per orbem
- ‘ Illustrem misit, laetis dans jura BRITANNIS.
- ‘ Ipsa, ubi jam conjux conscendit regia navem,
- ‘ Coelestem vidi formam; nam flumina cuncta
- ‘ Quae per tellurem volvunt ad marmora fluctus
- ‘ Sensere impulsam; tanto dignataque navis
- ‘ Munere; laeta viam liquidam per coerula scindit.
- ‘ Jamque exultantes illam festo agmine circum
- ‘ Se glomerant natae pelagi nymphaeque sorores.
- ‘ Et pater oceani subito correptus amore
- ‘ Coeruleis sponfam regalem detinet undis,
- ‘ Ipse senex etiam aequoreis rex ÆOLUS antris
- ‘ Miratur formamque deae, vultusque decoros
- ‘ Atque immortalem ex labris furatur odorem.
- ‘ Surge age diva potens croceos intexere flores
- ‘ Et molles violas commixtaque lilia multâ
- ‘ Alba Rosâ, lauri regalem nocte coronam.’

Dixit, et avertens viridem collegit amictum,
 Et corpus praeceps liquidas projecit in undas.
 Ac veluti mater multis redeuntibus annis
 Si natum, quem jam longum fata aspera belli
 Detinuere procul videat, dilecta pererrat
 Ora viri trepidans, laetisque amplectitur ulnis,
 Mente agitans quantas clades evaserat heros,
 Haud alios motus tum sensit HIBERNIA laeto
 Pectore, ferta parans florumque intexere dona.

At nunc innumeros plausus fremitusq; BRITANNI
 Ingeminant : ecce ut laetis illabitur oris
 Regia jam navis, Deus et NEPTUNUS euntem
 Prosequitur puppim lugens, nymphaeque sorores
 Illacrymant, THAMESIS quaerunt vitreosque recessus.

Jam VENERI similis Cyprii cum gurgitis undâ
 Divinum caput extollat, telluris ad oras
 Diva venit, vultum dulci suffusa rubore.
 Quâ graditur, subeunt violae mollesque hyacinthi

Florea dona almae terrae, quercusque salutant
Regales dominam, et sublimi vertice nutant.

Regius occurrit juvenis, jamque ocyor aurâ
Ecce ecce ut laetis festinat passibus heros.

En quantus formâ! quantus de fronte refulget
Clarus honos! quanta in juvenili gratia vultu!
Haeret in obtutu laetus, jamque accipit ulnis
Divinum munus, resonant dum littora longe
Laetitiaeque sonos, fremitumque reverberat Echo,
Et libertatis plausus vasta aethera complent.

Fortunati ambo! mancant haec festa per aevum;
Semper primus amor, semper nova gaudia surgant.
Sparge solum foliis, jam nocte BRITANNIA lauros,
Exultate viri, tu spargeque HIBERNIA flores
Et myrtos passim, et si quid mea carmina possint
Rustica, diva, inter regalia munera nectas.

JOHANNES CHETWOOD, C. B.

A

P A S T O R A L

YE nymphs and swains that haunt the verdant
field,

Whose hearts to love a willing homage yield,
To loftier numbers raise the rural voice,
In notes alternate sing your Monarch's choice ;
Cast ev'ry sport and festive joy aside,
To wait th' approaches of the Royal Bride.
Love's God assents, nor HYMEN shall delay
To join the numbers of the nuptial lay.

V I R G I N S.

What rigid laws our feeble sex restrain,
 The passive slaves of custom's tyrant reign!
 From the fond mother's arms the trembling fair,
 Still clinging to her mother's arms, to tear,
 And to th' embraces of the ardent youth
 Consign her virgin innocence and truth.
 What harsher deed could hostile rage inspire,
 While the storm'd city flam'd with hostile fire?

Y O U T H S.

Mild are the laws which HYMEN's bands injoin,
 (Emblem on earth of happiness divine)
 Love warms the breast with wild unlicens'd fire
 'Till wedlock's sanction hallows the desire;

Hence spring the joys that human ills beguile,
 Parental love --- th' engaging infant's smile---
 Life's fond endearments --- In the nuptial hour
 Heav'n doth its choicest gifts on mortals pour.

Love's God assents, nor HYMEN shall delay
 To join the numbers of the nuptial lay.

V I R G I N S.

As the fair flow'r by circling pales immur'd
 (Its sweetness by its privacy secur'd)
 Safe from the herd, nor by the plough-share torn,
 In secret spreads its beauties to the morn ;
 To ev'ry nymph, to ev'ry shepherd dear,
 It blooms the fav'rite of the young and fair ;
 But when its gather'd beauties 'gin to fade,
 And the fall'n stock upon the earth is laid,

Nor any nymph's, nor any shepherd's care,
 It dies neglected by the young and fair.
 Thus, while in virgin innocence array'd,
 Nor to the sense of marriage joys betray'd,
 The single maid her liberty maintains,
 She lives the fav'rite of the nymphs and swains ;
 But when (the bloom of virgin honour shed)
 The nymph comes blushing from the bridal bed,
 Nor to the swains, nor to her fellows dear,
 She lives neglected by the young and fair,

Y O U T H S.

As the small vine that solitary stands
 A feeble stalk amid the naked lands,
 Its head ne'er raises, never can produce
 The gen'rous grape for pleasure, or for use ;

But prone, declines its body to the earth,
Outstretch'd upon the sod that gave it birth ;
Nor to the nymphs, nor to the shepherds dear,
It grows neglected still from year to year :
But if in marriage bonds it shall be join'd
To the tall elm, for its support design'd,
Dear to each nymph, to ev'ry shepherd dear,
It cultivated thrives from year to year.

The maiden thus (the nuptial joys unknown)
Sighs, pines, and sinks to barren age alone ;
But when mature for HYMEN's sacred rites,
If some warm youth her tender love requites,
Dear to her husband, to her parents dear,
She, blest and blessing, lives from year to year.

Love's God assents, nor HYMEN shall delay
To join the numbers of the nuptial lay.

V I R G I N S.

In royal pomp the godlike Prince appears,
 A Monarch blooming in the prime of years.
 No longer doubts perplex the tim'rous maid,
 Her fears are hush'd, by gentle hopes allay'd.
 O flatt'ring object to the female mind!
 Where love and empire are in one combin'd.
 The nymph assents, nor HYMEN shall delay
 To join the numbers of the nuptial lay.

Y O U T H S.

Like VENUS moving thro' celestial domes,
 In radiant beauty dress'd the Princess comes;
 The smiling loves, and graces tend her side,
 And speak her form'd to be a monarch's bride.

The pride of empire, without love were vain,
Would seem a desert solitary reign.

To sooth the cares which empire shall create,
To ease the burthen of imperial state,

The fair was giv'n. Rare happiness to find!

In wedlock's bondage love and empire join'd.

Love's God assents, nor HYMEN shall delay

To raise the numbers of the nuptial lay.

B O T H.

HYMEN, God of marriage rites,
Sacred source of pure delights,
On thy Royal Vot'ries throne
Show'r thy choicest blessings down.

Let civil rage and discord cease,
To crown their love with public peace:

O

Let plenty bless the smiling plain,
And SATURN's age return again.

In foreign lands, while war's alarms
Th' affrighted peasant force to arms,
Give to the sons of BRITAIN's isle
In peace to till the fruitful soil.

THOMAS VANDELEUR, Cand. Bac.

Part I
O D E
ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS.

I.

DEEP in a lonely vale, beneath a bow'r
By nature form'd for sweet recess and ease;
Where ev'ry beauty that the eye can please
Conspir'd to gratify the royal pow'r,
What time the grey-ey'd twilight o'er the glade
Spreads all around a glimm'ring gloomy shade,

In contemplation GEORGE was laid ;
 Long did suspense and doubt his mind possess,
 Wav'ring and unresolv'd, what blooming maid,
 What soft associate, with his hand to bless.
 When lo ! far off two female forms he 'spies,
 In flowing folds of silver light array'd,
 Beauteous they seem'd, of more than human size,
 Such have the antient poets oft pourtray'd :
 The one advanc'd with solemn step and flow,
 With thought and meditation on her brow,
 Her air majestic, modest was her mien,
 Becoming wisdom's queen.
 A decent veil conceal'd from human sight
 Those virgin charms which ne'er beheld the light.
 In such attire, before the son of JOVE
 VIRTUE appear'd ; at once commanding awe and
 love.

II.

Lightly the other mov'd, nor seem'd to touch the
ground,

Her ev'ry look breath'd beauty all around.

Graceful her mien, and winning was her air,

Softer her skin, more delicately fair.

A polish'd mirror in her hand she bore,

A thin transparent robe of gauze she wore,

Which made her charms more lovely show ;

Her eyes shone brighter than the morning dews,

Vermilion dyes her blushing cheeks suffuse ;

O'er all her frame an air of health did glow,

Which simple nature only can bestow,

Which more commands and charms the heart

Than all the tints of art.

In such a dress, in such a gay attire,
She us'd of old to meet the TROJAN hero's fire.

III.

- ' Can doubt (said she) divide thy wav'ring mind?
- ' In me, immortal treasures thou shalt find.
- ' Need I recount my merits, or my fame?
- ' Let it suffice that BEAUTY is my name.
- ' Thy stream of life, if thou but follow me,
- ' Shall peaceful flow, from all rude tempests free,
- ' And all shall sun-shine be.
- ' What mighty bliss can sober WISDOM give!
- ' What joys, alas! can she impart!
- ' With all her rigid precepts how to live,
- ' With all her vain and boasted art,
- ' She cannot please the eye, or glad the heart.

- ‘ Attend my council, hearken to my voice,
- ‘ And rule by me alone thy future choice.
- ‘ On thee eternal pleasures I’ll bestow,
- ‘ Pleasures which WISDOM ne’er can know,
- ‘ Pure, and unallay’d with woe.
- ‘ Such blessings will I show’r upon thy head,
- ‘ Which none but I can give,
- ‘ If thou with me wilt live,
- ‘ And take a beauteous confort to thy bed.’

IV.

- ‘ Cease, cease (cries WISDOM) thy delusive tongue
- ‘ Heed not, my son, this charming Siren’s song.
- ‘ Let not the magic glaſs, which ſhe employs
- ‘ To throw a miſt before thine eyes,
- ‘ Let not inſipid pleasures, empty joys,
- ‘ Delude thy reaſon ’gainſt my better voice.

- ‘ Let her not teach thee to despise
- ‘ What thou alone shou’d’st prize,
- ‘ The beauties of a nobler kind,
- ‘ The graces of the mind ;
- ‘ These, these alone shou’d be thy choice.
- ‘ What will avail, alas ! the skin of snow,
- ‘ When the scarce-throbbing feeble pulse beats low !
- ‘ Soon will the spring of life be past,
- ‘ And wintry age will come at last,
- ‘ Of bloom and beauty that most bitter foe.
- ‘ But if from me, thy surest guide,
- ‘ Thou wilt receive thy future bride,
- ‘ One, who will soften ev’ry care,
- ‘ And all thy sorrows kindly share,
- ‘ At once thy truest joy and pride ;
- ‘ Then bliss refin’d, and happiness sincere,
- ‘ (The due rewards of prudence and of truth)
- ‘ Shall still attend thy youth ;

‘ And even at thy latest stage
 ‘ Shall gild the evening of thy age.’

V.

At this, flow-raising up his thoughtful head,
 The Youth pathetic said ;
 ‘ What now, alas ! avails my royal state !
 ‘ Hard is my lot, and oh ! severe my fate.
 ‘ Contending passions now distract my breast ;
 ‘ Is this the boasted fruit of being great,
 ‘ The loss of peace and rest !
 ‘ My raptur’d mind now Fancy sways,
 ‘ And all my soul her voice obeys,
 ‘ Now Reason cries, “ Attend my sober strain.”
 ‘ Cruel conditions ! whichsoe’er I chuse,
 ‘ The want of that which I refuse

‘ Will quite corrode what I retain,
 ‘ And late, perhaps, I shall repent in vain.’

VI.

‘ Not so, my best belov’d, my favour’d Youth,
 (Here interrupted WISDOM’s queen)
 ‘ For such thy goodness and thy worth has been,
 ‘ Thy virtue, innocence, and truth,
 ‘ That thou deserv’st a nobler fate,
 ‘ Nor e’er shall thou, my son, too late
 ‘ Thy conduct past repent;
 ‘ If beauty of the brightest dye,
 ‘ If ev’ry graceful art
 ‘ That can attract the heart,
 ‘ Or charm the lover’s nicer eye,
 ‘ Can give thy soul content.

‘ For lo! to thee I now assign
 ‘ CHARLOTTE, the fav’rite of the Nine,
 ‘ Nor less belov’d by me;
 ‘ Her do I now bestow on thee.
 ‘ Nor can the Queen of Love refuse
 ‘ To join thy royal hand,
 ‘ In the connubial band,
 ‘ With this sweet daughter of the Muse;
 ‘ Since even from her earliest year,
 ‘ She still has been her darling care.’
 This said, they instant vanish’d from his sight,
 And soon were lost in shades of endless night.

VII.

Smooth glide my verse, my numbers gently flow,
 Nor harshly quick, nor querulously flow.

For see! where hoary THAMES' tranfluent ſteam,
 His ruſhy-fringed bank in ſilence laves,
 And all his chryſtal waves
 Refulgent glitter with a ſilver gleam,
 The royal galley wafts her o'er;
 The Naïds quit their coral beds,
 And raiſe aloft their azure heads
 On the rejoicing ſhore,
 To ſee the partner of the BRITISH Crown,
 In all the gay and gallant pride
 That erſt convey'd th' ÆGYPTIAN bride
 The ſilver CYDNOS down;
 The wond'ring waves ſubſide,
 The green-hair'd ſea-nymphs round the veſſel crowd,
 The winds adown the ſilken ſteamers glide,
 And ſing their joy aloud.

VIII.

The softly fighting gale
 With gentle breezes fills the swelling sail ;
 Now smooth it cuts the wat'ry way,
 Now wafts the PRINCESS to th' expecting land.

On either hand
 The purple LOVES and white-rob'd GRACES play.
 The rose-lip'd cherub HEALTH, with bosom bare
 And glowing cheek, was there.
 And jocund YOUTH, fair BEAUTY's friend,
 And meek-ey'd INNOCENCE, her steps attend.
 And lo ! behind the blooming Maid,
 With ever-verdant olives crown'd,
 In all her tranquil charms array'd,
 The matron PEACE bestrews the ground.

Hark ! now admiring thousands sing
(While all the shores responsive ring)
“ Long may BRITANNIA’s laughing plain
“ Proclaim that GEORGE and CHARLOTTE
“ reign.”

Ev’n nature’s self her homage gladly pays,
And joins the voice of universal praise.

EDMOND MALONE.

ON THE
KING's NUPTIALS.

I.

A Youth, the meanest of the tuneful train,
Whom, fair applause, and emulation, fir'd ;
Amidst the grove essay'd some raptur'd strain,
The Muse, her artless votary, inspir'd ;
To hymeneal themes the lyre he strung,
And thus, in mystic verse, th' advent'rous poet sung.

II.

'Twas on PHOENICIA's hoarse resounding coast,
 Where fam'd ORONTES rolls his silver waves,
 'Till in the angry deep his streams are lost,
 And o'er the sands th' exulting billow raves ;
 In the first age, while yet the world was young,
 That VENUS, Queen of Love, from fruitful ocean
 sprung.

III.

Fair-rob'd AURORA, from the brightning east,
 Began, her roseate beauties to display ;
 Scatt'ring refulgence from her radiant breast,
 And wide unbarr'd the golden gates of day ;
 The tempests vanish on the wings of night,
 And to the Stygian gloom precipitate their flight.

IV.

For raging winds long toft the troubled main,
 Rent the rude rocks, and the vaft forests tore;
 The world, 'till then, obey'd ftern winter's reign,
 Nor knew, fair fpring, thy renovating pow'r;
 Wild beafts with frightful howlings fill'd the groves,
 Nor yet the birds had learn'd to chant their airy loves.

V.

Nor yet had mortals felt the facred fire,
 Which beauty lights in the beholder's breaft;
 Strangers, to gentle thoughts, and foft defire,
 They wander'd, o'er a chearless world, unbleft;
 Rapine and violence their thoughts employ,
 And wars, destructive wars, infufe a favage joy.

S

VI.

This saw, the awful RULER of the Gods,
 Who man, of all his creatures, favour'd most;
 He bade green NEPTUNE, from his deep abodes,
 Conduct the Goddess to PHOENICIA's coast;
 Where far-fam'd SYDON's royal spires arise,
 Shine o'er the distant main, and glitter in the skies.

VII.

There o'er the potent state ADONIS reign'd,
 (Who hath not heard of young ADONIS' name?)
 The sov'reign rule, with equal hand, maintain'd,
 Mighty in pow'r, and great in virtuous fame;
 For SYDON then, for arts and arms renown'd,
 As BRITAIN now, the seas undoubted queen was crown'd.

VIII.

In ocean's dreadful caves the palace stands
Of NEPTUNE, bright on rocks of di'mond rear'd,
Where the fierce floods receive their king's commands,
There sits the God, by furious tempests fear'd;
A silver light the glitt'ring dome displays,
And thro' the mighty gates stream forth an hundred seas.

IX.

Thence o'er th' unbounded deep his word he sends,
The azure Naiads to his court repair,
Each wat'ry Deity his will attends,
To grace the bright procession all prepare;
At length advanc'd the Daughter of the main,
The CYPRIAN pow'r, amidst her fair attending train.

X.

Mean time, exalted in the purest sky,
 The Thunderer ascends his saphire throne ;
 He gives the sign, the clouds in sunder fly,
 Confest to mortal sight th' IMMORTAL throne ;
 The eagle at his feet, and in his hand
 His dreadful arms he graspt, the thunder's forked brand.

XI.

Sent from his presence, swift as streaming light,
 The feather'd son of lovely MAIA springs ;
 Shoots from the heav'n's unmeasurable height,
 And wide thro' air a blaze of glory flings ;
 Attend, ye Gods, (he cries) thou earth, receive
 VENUS, love's gracious pow'r, ascending from the wave.

XII.

Bright on a silver car appear'd the Queen,
 In filken harness flew her swans and doves,
 The naked Graces by her side were seen,
 Behind her stood the Sports, and blushing Loves;
 Heav'n, as she came, a purer blue assum'd,
 The flow'ry Spring was born, and nature fairer bloom'd.

XIII.

Ev'n the stern God of fury and of war,
 MARS, from the snowy hills of savage THRACE,
 Dropt for a while his formidable spear,
 And wish'd that strife and mortal heat might cease;
 'Till then, his dreadful arm confusion hurl'd
 Wide o'er the nations, and laid waste the world.

T

XIV.

While thus the radiant pomp illumines the sea,
 Aloft in air, the God of verse and light
 Appear'd; he lash'd the firey steeds of day,
 They foam'd, and spread their sparkling wings for ^{[flight;}
 Thro' breaking clouds they fly with heav'nly force,
 Swift rolls the golden car, and kindles in the course.

XV.

High in the air, that brighten'd as he flew,
 He held the lyre, and struck the vocal strings;
 From heav'n and earth the God attention drew,
 And thus, the nuptial ode prophetic sings;
 All nature heard the sound, the roaring main
 With all its waves, were still'd by that celestial strain.

XVI.

‘ Thrice happy SYDON, let thy fons rejoice ;
 ‘ Oh ! mighty king, th’ immortal fair receive ;
 ‘ Lo ! heav’n, and all its Gods, approve the choice ;
 ‘ Behold, what glories gild the distant wave ;
 ‘ Let all the Earth her duteous tribute pay,
 ‘ Let all the hoary Deep his sov’reign queen obey.

XVII.

‘ Never shall mortal thy renown exceed,
 ‘ ’Till in a western isle, as yet unknown,
 ‘ A GEORGE shall to a GEORGE’s throne succeed,
 ‘ And place a CHARLOTTE on his envy’d throne ;
 ‘ With them no future lovers shall compare,
 ‘ He like ADONIS blest, she more than VENUS fair.’

XVIII.

Now on the crowded shore the Goddess lands,
 ADONIS there receiv'd the beauteous bride;
 Old Ocean joins the ardent lovers hands,
 And their fond hearts in chains eternal ty'd;
 Back to his SYDON's walls he led the fair;
 Night rushes from the deep, and shades the earth and air.

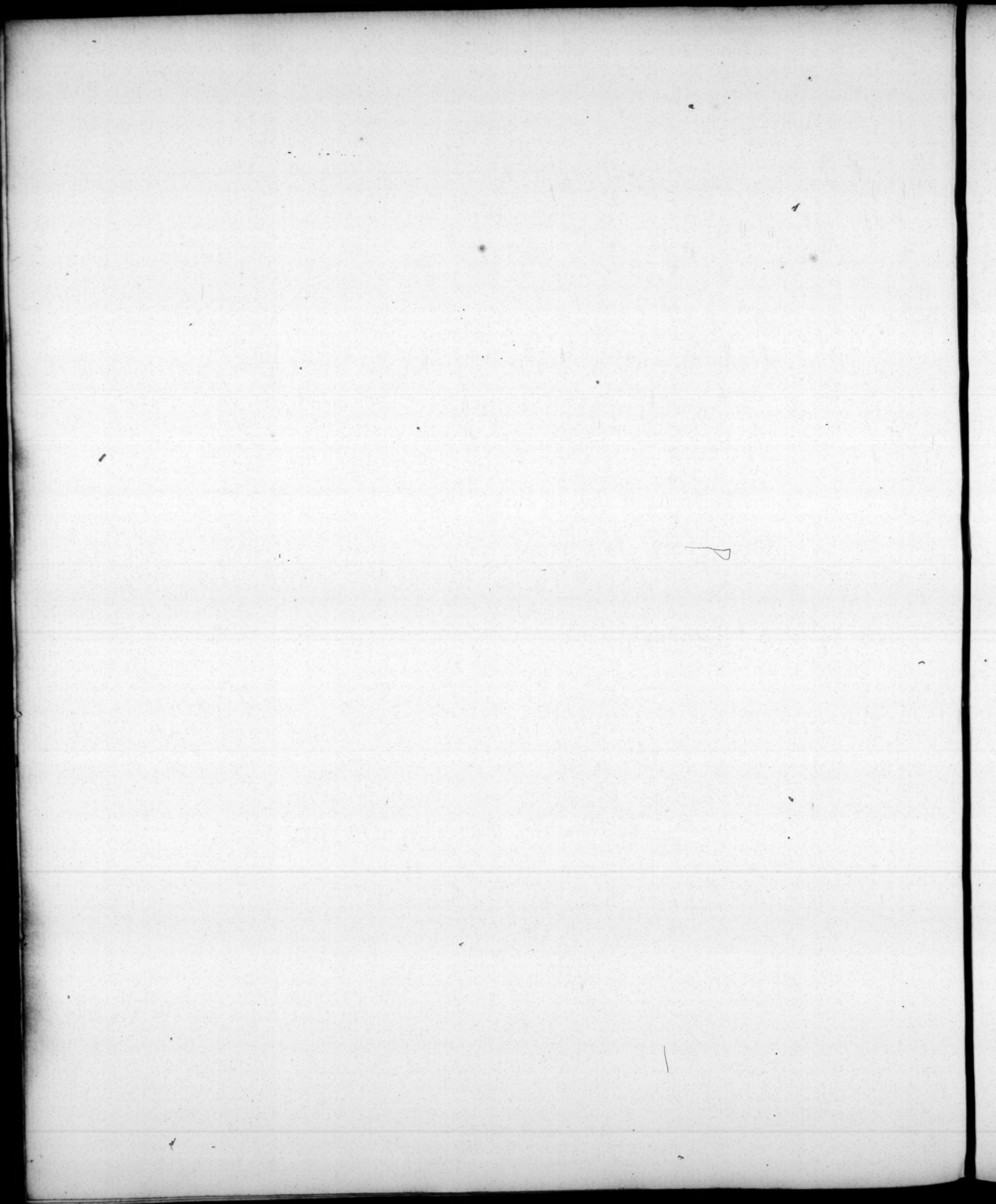
XIX.

To bless this union all the Gods combin'd,
 And each the hymeneal presents made,
 BACCHUS, the fabled conqueror of IND,
 Low at their feet, the spoils of ASIA laid;
 Imperial pow'r the QUEEN of Heav'n bestow'd;
 And righteous rule conferr'd the cloud-compelling GOD.

XX.

Wisdom, the blue-ey'd Pow'r of ATHENS gave;
HERMES, rich eloquence and commerce brought;
NEPTUNE, the empire of the boundless wave;
Music, and sacred song, APOLLO taught;
Thus great, thus happy, young ADONIS reign'd,
When Beauty's charming Queen, the Queen of Love
he gain'd.

BENJAMIN BURTON DOYNE, F. C.



ON THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS:

A N
O D E.

S T R O P H E.

URANIA, heav'nly Muse, assist the song,
Immortal strains to thee belong;
Amidst the bright angelic choir,
Amidst eternal glory's blaze,
Seated on high, thou strik'st the sacred lyre,
And aye resound'st the great Creator's praise.

The strain divine the shepherd heard,
 What time he fled from ÆGYPT's lands,
 To wide ARABIA's waste of sands,
 And with his wand'ring flocks abode
 Near SINAI (after call'd the mount of God)
 Before the great " I AM" in fire appear'd :
 To ISRAEL's lightning tribes he sung,
 How heav'n and earth from chaos sprung ;
 How, at JEHOVAH's dread commands,
 In firey robes, came forth ethereal light ;
 Wide o'er the heav'n he stretch'd his radiant
 hands,
 Vanquish'd, retir'd in haste the chearless shades of
 night.
 Thou too wert present on that awful hour,
 When the Almighty Pow'r,
 From SINAI's top, proclaim'd his will,
 And darkness roll'd along the hill :

Thy voice was heard with the loud trumpet's
 found,
 And ISRAEL's tribes adoring, bow'd around.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

URANIA, heav'nly Muse, assist the song,
 Immortal strains to thee belong.
 Now had dire WAR laid waste the world,
 And bath'd his giant limbs in blood ;
 O'er vast GERMANIA's states confusion hurl'd ;
 Justice, in vain, the monster's course withstood.
 Her hands the ruin'd EMPIRE rear'd,
 And thus address'd th' Almighty Pow'r :
 " Eternal King ! my peace restore,
 " Thy ministers of wrath recall,
 " Nor let my princes thus, and kingdoms fall."

She spoke ; her words, in deep distress preferr'd,
 Ascended to JEHOVAH's throne,
 Where from eternity he shone ;
 Amidst the angel bands he turn'd
 His eyes, and mark'd a youthful seraph there ;
 A thousand suns upon his bosom burn'd ;
 His wings like silver streams, like rays of light his
 hair ;
 The purest form that grac'd the realms above ;
 On earth, his name was LOVE :
 Swift from the azure vaulted sky,
 JEHOVAH bade the seraph fly,
 Inspire the jarring world with love of peace,
 And on BRITANNIA's throne, the beauteous CHAR-
 LOTTE place.

E P O D E.

URANIA, heav'nly Muse, assist the song,
 Immortal strains to thee belong :
 The great command the winged faint obeys,
 And rush'd impetuous from th' ethereal height ;
 At his approach the stars did fiercer blaze,
 Ev'n to hell's center pierc'd the flash of light ;
 He reach'd the earth, and with the noblest fires
 The breast of BRITAIN's youthful King inspires ;
 To his impatient arms convey'd
 The fair, the chaste, the royal maid :
 GERMANIA, heav'ns protection owns,
 And hails the nuptials from her hundred thrones.

WILLIAM ADLERCRON, F. C.



